

SONIA GOLDBERG

# Breathe In, Empty Out

Holy hell you can't be helped.

Cut the puppeteer's strings only  
to feel them growing back under  
your painted nails, finger pads  
throbbing harder than your  
head before the pills.

Suspended in the air you're  
there with who you chose  
to be so carefully.

Yes, hanging up there you're  
looking down on me, sister,  
and I'm looking up, but  
If we're being truthful now:

Scratch that. Reverse it.

You are low as low as low can be,  
neck twisted beneath the soil  
mimicking an easy breath  
with eyes upwards to the beetles  
and worms. I walk above you so  
lightly that neither one of us  
is bothered while I breathe  
in the sweetness of a new day.